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OF GARDENS

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

Oh, Mary, give my garden grace
To be his fit abiding place.
I would not have his small heart miss
One least thing of thy garden's bliss,
Nor know regret in any wise
For the starred lawns of Paradise.
That sweet enclosure where you sit—
Oh, tell me what blooms flower in it!
There will be lilies there I know,
Tall silver trumpets, row on row,
And roses blowing white and red
(All tender words of lovers, said
On Earth, gone up to Heaven to be
Thy garden's joy eternally),
And humbler blossoms as beguiled
The laughter of Another Child.
Where his dear stumbling feet shall pass
I will set daisies in the grass,
Pied, tender things of pink and white,
And jonquils for his quaint delight.
There shall be borders proud and fair,
With clove-pinks spicing the clear air
Beneath the larkspur's azure lance,
And gilly flowers and Maids-of-France;
Here the white foxglove spires and there
The clouds of misty lavender.
And all day long a golden bird
Within the hawthorne shall be heard.

ANNE ATWOOD DODGE.